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S U P P L E M E N T

Ephemerides, TO THE

K

L A D I E S' D I A R Y,

F O R T H E Y E A R 1788.

Containing a LIST of all the ENIGMAS, from the Beginning of that Work in the Year 1704; also several additional Answers to the ENIGMAS, &c, proposed last Year, and some new ENIGMAS and CHARADES to be answered next Year, for which there was not room in the Diary itself.

By the DIARY AUTHOR.

[PRICE SIX-PENCE.]

L

AN

No.

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33

74

102

109

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Fr.

1727

154

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171

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326

Pr.

1755

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S U P P L E M E N T

T O T H E

L A D I E S' D I A R Y,

F O R T H E Y E A R 1788.

ALPHABETICAL LIST of all the ENIGMAS, with their NUMBERS.

No.	Names.				
	A				
1	ALPHABET	107	Bell	403	Buckles
33	Almanac	108	Briefs	404	Bible
74	Ambition	110	Bridle for a Scold	412	Ball
102	Adam and Eve	Pr.	Bottle	413	Bridle
109	Athos, Mount	1723	Bee	422	Bastard
128	Auriculas	139	Beehive	439	Barber's-block
130	Afs	143	Bed	463	Barber
Fr.	Alphabet	162	Brush	473	Blank
1727	Ague	166	Books	477	Bachelor, Old
154	Alphabet	192	Bladder	492	Fridle
155	Almanac	1 Lat.	Bee	507	Bottle-screw
171	Almanac	1734	Bee	522	Black-pudding
233	April Day	215	Biflextile	Pr.	Bees-wax
238	Ants	Pr.	Black-lead Pen-	1771	Bees-wax
281	Alphabet	1739	cil	523	Bed
326	Alderman	340	Button	525	Bee-hive
Pr.	Almanac	Pr.	Button-hole	539	Blush
1753	America	1740	Bubble	551	Bonnet
435	Athes	242	Bridle	566	Barrenness
450	Air	265	Beard	Pr.	Barometer
529	Amen	284	Bonefire	571	Beard
616	Arrow	288	Barber	579	Beard
656	Ace	295	Bell	Pr.	Button-hole
692	Auctioneer	296	Blank	585	Bow
	B	Pr.	Blank	596	Bow
4	Bed	1748	Bed-curtain	Pr.	Butter
13	Barley	307	Bulrush	601	Bones
15	Bell	311	One-lace	606	Bed
19	Bastard	317	Beans	643	Beauty
37	Fell	334	Bell and Rope	652	Bread
49	Brandy	339	Box-iron	691	Bell
92	Bellows	346	Billiard-balls		C
99	Beard	372	Barley or Malt	23	Custom
		379	Buttons	28	Conscience
		386	Bird's-nest	35	Clock
		398			

36 Compass	299 Country-dance	181 Drunkenness	578
47 Chaos	308 Chimney-sweeper	184 Darknefs	615
Pr. Coal-pit	315 Coxcomb	1 L. Dormouse	634
1714 60 Covetousness	329 Cypher or O	1733 Death	663
66 Conscience	3 Lat. Cane	232 Death	9
72 Candle	1752 Cane	237 Death	18
76 Comb	351 Cow-tie	241 Dream	65
Pr. Content	358 Child's-coral	247 Darknefs	Pr. 1717
1718 81 Cards, a pack of	362 Cat	254 Drum	79
86 Charity	366 Crown	266 Drinking-glass	89
Lat. Coal	387 Card-table	364 Darknefs	120
1720 100 Cane	388 Candles	382 Dish-clout	122
2 Lat. Conf. and Vowels	395 Cheese	384 Drunkenness	127
1712 113 Coat of Arms	397 Curtain	420 Death	Pr. 1725
Pr. Cannon	426 Caterpillar	430 Dream	1726
1724 136 Compass	434 Christ. Religion	471 Door	147
137 Cotton in an Ink-horn	436 Cloud	493 Dew-drop	158
145 Clock	445 Cullender	548 Doll	168
Pr. Cuckold	Pr. Cocoa - nut or	Pr. Dice	Pr. 1732
1728 183 Cork	1762 Chocolate	589 Dice	Pr. 1735
193 Candle	457 Colours	611 Door	2 Lat. 175
197 Cock	464 Coach	649 Dish-clout	225
216 Cypher	476 Cork-tree	673 Diphthong	Lat. 1738
219 Clock	484 Christmas-day	E.	245
Pr. Cream	485 Cane	8 Echo	283
1736 224 Corn-mill	490 Corn-fan	17 Enigma	286
2 Lat. Cards	494 Cook	58 Echo	322
1739 Pr. China Tea-pot	495 Comma	84 Edge of a Pen-knife	332
1741 249 Cockpit, Aaron	Pr. Coffee	101 Enigma	2 Lat. 1751
252 Cushion	1769 517 Cough	Pr. Ellipse	1 Lat. 1752
Lat. Chair	537 Cribbage-board	1727 161 Egg	352
1742 267 Clock stocking	Pr. Coral	164 Enigma	3 Lat. 1753
Pr. Corralle	1774 553 Cradle	191 Echo	Pr. 1756
1745 276 Cheerfulness	559 Christmas-box	196 Eddish Cheese	401
280 Candle	561 Chimney-sweeper	270 Exciseman	405
290 Cupid or Love	569 Candle	303 Equal	417
297 Clock	664 Cheese	304 Echo	429
	672 Conscience	Pr. Enigma	
	680 Coat	1749 316 Extinguisher	
	682 Corn	381 Eunuch	
	D	399 Enigma	
	26 Darknefs	400 Eggs	
	78 Diary	421 Eye	
	94 Discord	487 Earth	
	Pr. Dice	549 Ear-rings	
	1722 159 Dice-box	564 Ear	
	167 Drum		
		578 Ewe	

List of Enigmas.

5

578 Ewe
615 Egg
634 Enigma
663 Eyes
F
9 Fireship
18 Fire
65 Fame
Pr. Fortune
1717
79 Fire
89 Figure 9
120 Flea
122 Fame
127 Fighting Cock
Pr. Fire-engine
1725
Pr. Fox
1726
147 Fork
158 Foot-ball
168 Fish-net
Pr. Fishing-line
1732
Pr. Faggot
1735
2 Lat. Fly
175
225 Fiddle
Lat. Fingers and Toes
1738
245 Fart
283 Frost
286 Fan
322 Fringe
332 Fly-cap
2 Lat. Foot
1751
1 Lat. Flint
1752
352 Fame
3 Lat. Frog
1753
Pr. Fishing-fly
1756
401 Frost
405 Fashion
417 Feather Bed
429 First-rate Man of War

515 Fire
528 Four Manils
544 Fan
581 Flesh Anim. or Sex
582 Fiddle and F. stick
585 Fame
555 Flint and Steel
639 Fan
665 Folly
G
16 Gun-powder
Pr. Glass of a Telescope
1711
44 Glass
52 Gown, a flowered
59 Grandfire Bob
85 Gold Ring
1 Lat. Garlick
1722
132 Grave
135 Gout
166 Grave
177 Gnat
214 Grass-hopper
217 Garter of St. George
Lat. Gloves
1743
262 Gridiron
Pr. Goose
1746
318 Garter
431 Goose
456 Garden-roller
475 Glass
480 Garter
488 Good-Friday
505 Gate
574 Glow-worm
626 Gardener
627 Grapes
637 G, the Letter
638 Good-nature
661 Glass
H
46 Hope
A 3

Pr. Hexameter Verse
1720
98 Hoop-petticoat
103 Health
106 Hare
149 Hymen
151 Hat
13 Hoop-petticoat
173 Hope
174 Hay-stack
212 Horns
223 Harpsichord
1 Lat. Health
1737
239 Highways
240 Hat
262 House-shoe
278 Hunger
Pr. Husband
1747
337 Hope
359 Hoar-frost
363 Horse, Double
Pr. Ham
1755
414 High-crowned Hat
416 Hair
424 Hope
444 Happiness
446 Hide-stamp
449 History
Pr. Hyp
1763
460 Health
Pr. Hay-rick
1768
514 Honey
Pr. Hand
1770
516 Human Life
535 Hudibrast. Verse
56 Hunger
540 Horn
552 Hair
575 Harrow
619 Happiness
629 Hay-stack
633 Heart
644 Hair-

644 Hair-pencil	L	Grk Life
645 Horns	3 Lace	1744
677 Halfpenny	36 Loadstone	554 Letter T
685 Hope	38 Looking-glass	558 Light
I	44 Looking-glass	560 London Letter-
41 Jealousy	Pr. Looking-glass	stamp
45 Ice	1715	583 Love
63 Innocence	64 Looking-glass	607 Little Finger
126 Jealousy	78 Ladies Diary	620 Long. and sh. Day
194 Jersey Combs	111 Looking-glass	621 Lady's Diary
201 Ice-decanter	Pr. Letter	622 Light
2 Lat. Ice-decanter	1729	630 Sadder
1734	Pr. Lock	M
218 Jack at Bowls	1731	22 Money
221 Ignorance	185 Lemon	45 Milk frozen to
257 Jack at Bowls	202 Letter R	Ice
285 Informer	203 Liberty	Pr. Mercury, the
208 Ink	207 Louse	1713 Planet
336 Incubus	222 Looking-glass	61 Money, clipt and
2 Lat. Incense	3 Lat. Light	recoined
1752	1737	Pr. Mirror
1 Lat. Jonah	2 Lat. Leek	1715
1753	1740	Pr. Moon
373 Impression of a	246 Looking-glass	1716
Seal	259 Lock	80 Marriage
390 Judgment	261 Light	91 Mushroom
536 Ivory Comb	2 Lat. Lie	114 Muff
565 Imagination	1744	121 Mask
584 Interest	269 Letter A	123 Mercury
593 I (the Letter)	274 Lady's Picture	148 Mustard
658 Joke	291 Laughter	157 Man in the Moon
666 Jacks of Harp sic.	306 Love	169 Mule
674 Jealousy	309 Lady's Neck	170 Monument
K	312 Lady's Locks	Pr. Mistleto
55 Knave of Clubs	343 Lady's Joseph	1730
67 Kifs	402 Lady's Diary	173 Money
152 Kifs	428 Locusts	2 Lat. Myrra
182 Knitting-pins	455 Letter O	1733
1 Lat. Key	472 Laughter	Pr. Man
1736	49 Licorice	1734
235 Knave of Clubs	491 Letter I	234 Mince Pie
289 Kifs	497 Letter R.	243 Mind
Pr. Kifs	498 Lady's Sampler	264 Mouse-trap
1758	502 Lead	279 Mole
534 Knife and Fork	512 Love	345 Map of the World
614 Kifs	513 Lottery Wheels	361 Monthly Review
623 King's Arms	526 Lady's Diary	365 Mouse-trap
660 Knocker	533 Letter P	Pr. Marble Statue
	543 Lady's Diary	1754

List of Enigmas.

7

406 Member of Parliament
 428 Man
 Pr. Musical Notes
 1764
 482 Maid, Old
 508 Monosyllable
 518 Mile Stone
 542 Minim
 556 Musick
 598 Mushroom
 600 M (the Letter)
 602 Madam
 675 Moon
 695 May Day
 N
 24 Name
 26 Night
 30 No
 31 Newspaper
 70 Nothing
 77 Needle
 125 New Year's Gift
 129 Nightingale
 146 Nothing
 227 Nail
 1 Lat. Needle
 1739
 Pr. Nothing
 1744
 2 Lat. Nettle
 1750
 357 Noon
 360 Newspaper
 371 Narcissus
 409 Nothing
 443 Nun
 453 Name
 467 Night-Mare
 478 Nurse
 570 Needle
 590 Noon
 603 Nail
 604 Nothing
 608 Nose
 609 Noun
 683 Nutcrackers
 689 Nightingale
 690 Nothing

O
 7 Oyster
 54 Orders, the five in
 Architecture
 83 Oyster
 483 Organ
 547 Owl
 618 O (the Letter)
 625 Oven
 648 Oak
 P
 5 Puppets
 6 Paper
 25 Picture
 27 Pen
 32 Pleiades
 50 Pen
 53 Parrot
 55 Pain
 57 Proportion
 68 Paper, gilt, made
 from a Hand-
 kerchief
 70 Pride
 73 Phoenix
 95 Pen
 96 Pins
 Lat. Pen
 1723
 Lat. Pot
 1724
 195 Pair of Buts
 198 Pen
 209 Paper Kite
 213 Pair of Garters
 229 Paper
 238 Parchment
 Pr. Pincushion
 1743
 260 Pair of Stays
 277 Pleiades
 310 Poverty
 314 Pettyfogger
 319 Pair of Gloves
 1 Lat. Purse
 1750
 331 Prostitute
 Pr. Palladium
 1751

A 4

347 Pair of Shoes
 349 Pin
 353 Parrot
 356 Printer
 368 Plague and Ague
 374 Puke
 376 Pinfold
 378 Portrait Painting
 408 Patch
 Pr. Powder Puff
 1760
 433 Peace
 452 Pack of Cards
 459 Pincushion
 468 Poetry
 481 Pin Card Basket
 Pr. Paper
 1756
 489 Pen, or Quill
 503 Plural Number
 506 Panes of Glass
 530 Padlock
 Pr. Pair of Spectacles
 1772
 545 Pincushion
 563 Plow
 576 Petticoat
 587 Passions
 591 Peep
 632 Period
 636 Pen
 693 Paper
 694 Pillow
 Q
 369 Quill
 504 Quarter Guinea
 662 Quill
 R
 11 River
 42 Rose
 71 Razor
 97 Reputation
 179 River
 230 Rod
 287 Reflexion in Glass
 Lat. Rook
 1748
 324 Rose
 341 Robber
 348 Reel

348 Reel
 407 Ruff
 447 Royal Oak
 499 Ribband
 500 Rose
 532 Reel
 573 R (the Letter)
 594 River
 597 R (the Letter)
 612 Roast Beef
 S
 2 Shadow
 10 Snow
 12 Seal
 14 Shadow
 21 Sleep
 29 Ship
 34 Shadow
 Pr. Stamp
 1712
 48 Snuffers.
 51 Ship
 62 Seal
 69 Salt
 82 Silkworm
 87 Silver Girdle
 90 Summer and
 Winter
 104 Sleep
 105 Shadow
 112 Sound
 116 Spinnet
 117 Soul
 124 Smoothing Iron
 131 Scandal
 2 Lat. Sound
 1725
 138 Swallow
 140 Sword
 141 Shadow
 153 Salt
 156 Side Saddle
 165 Spinning Wheel
 180 Snuffers
 187 Sun Fire-Office
 Insurance
 189 Stags Horn
 190 Snow
 199 Sleep

206 Snot
 210 Shuttlecock
 211 Smoak
 2 Lat. Strong Beer
 1736
 Pr. Sheet of Pins
 1737
 228 Serpent
 Pr. Seal
 1738
 231 Shoes
 1 Lat. Scissars
 1740
 Lat. Standish
 1741
 251 Spectacles
 253 Sign
 Pr. Stranger in a
 1742 Candle
 268 Silver Spurs
 272 Sword
 275 Saw
 292 Silkworm
 295 Silk Handker-
 chief
 301 Shadow
 Lat. Syllabub
 1749
 321 Sodomite
 330 Straw Hat
 335 Snow Drop.
 340 Steward
 342 Snail
 354 Storm
 2 Lat. Sun
 1753
 367 Sleep
 375 Snoring
 380 Snail in its Shell
 383 Spade
 385 Salt
 389 Stocks
 392 Spark of Fire
 396 Spit
 Pr. Sabbath Day
 1759
 427 Sight
 440 Spur
 470 Shilling

Pr. Snuffers
 1765
 486 Sight
 510 Surveyor of Houses
 and Windows
 511 Shadow
 524 Spider's Web
 527 Spider
 531 Snuff Box
 Pr. Sealing Wax
 1773
 550 Secret
 555 Salt Box
 557 Snuff
 568 Strays
 577 Skaits
 586 Sigh
 592 Sheep
 595 Shoe
 610 Swoid
 617 Strong Beer
 639 Ship
 641 Smoothing Iron
 646 Snuff Box
 647 Silence
 657 Sigh
 667 Scissars
 669 Sickle
 671 Small Pox
 676 Spurs
 678 Something
 684 Shadow
 687 Sleep
 688 Saddle
 696 Sunday
 T
 20 Time
 32 Taurus, the Con-
 stellation
 39 Thought
 40 Time
 43 Tide
 56 Teeth of a Dog
 Pr. Thought
 1719
 93 Trimble
 115 Tobacco
 118 Thought
 119 Tobacco Pipe
 150 Titles

150
 172
 186
 200
 2 Lat.
 1737
 236
 244
 248
 294
 300
 302
 305
 Pr.
 1750
 127
 Pr.
 1752
 370
 391
 393
 394
 411
 415
 418
 425
 Pr.
 1761
 460
 461
 496
 509
 519
 520
 521
 538
 588
 628
 631
 635

List of Ænigmas.

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- | | | |
|----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| 150 Titles of Honour | 640 To-morrow | 1 Lat. Walking Stick |
| 172 Tobacco | 642 Triphthong | 1744 Wafer |
| 186 Truth | 651 Tooth-brush | 271 Wafer |
| 200 Tobacco Pipe | 668 Tongue | 273 Wedding Ring |
| 2 Lat. Taylor | 670 Teeth | Fr. Weaver's Shuttle |
| 1737 Time | V | 1749 Weather |
| 236 Teeth | 144 Venus | 320 Walnut |
| 244 Teeth | 220 Virtue | 323 War |
| 248 Toast | 328 Virtue | 333 Wit or Learning |
| 294 Thimble | 1 Lat. Vow | 377 Pr. Whisper |
| 300 Thought | 1751 Vow | 1757 Woman's Breasts |
| 302 To-morrow | 344 Vowels | 410 Water Engine |
| 305 Time | 355 Variety | 419 Wicker Cradle |
| Pr. Twilight | 53 Valentine | 432 Wooden Leg |
| 1750 Tea | 654 Umbrella | 437 Wedding Ring |
| Pr. Trick | 679 U (the Letter) | 438 Wooden Heel of |
| 1752 Table Linen | W | a Shoe |
| 370 Tobacco | 75 Wind | 442 Warming Pan |
| 391 Tea Kettle | 1 Lat. Wheel | 451 Woman |
| 393 Toast | 1720 Pr. Weathercock | 454 Watch |
| 394 Tooth Pick | 1721 Weathercock | 458 Winter's Day |
| 411 Tea Cup and | 133 Weathercock | 462 Watering Pot |
| Saucer | 1 Lat. Weathercock | 465 Wing |
| 418 Tail | 1725 Watch | 469 Weaver's Loom |
| 425 Thimble | 134 Whalebone | Pr. Writing Slate |
| Pr. Tear | 142 Warming Pan | 1767 Windfor Chair |
| 1761 True Love | 160 Walnut | 501 Heb. Water |
| 460 Time | 175 Woodcock | 562 W (the Letter) |
| 461 Tyburn | 188 Windmill | 567 Wedding Ring |
| 496 Turn Stile | Pr. Wife | 572 Wafer |
| 509 Tongs | 1733 Wisdom | 599 W (the Letter) |
| 519 Taylor's Sheers | 200 Walking Stick | 613 Whisper |
| 521 Triangle | 205 Whip | 624 Window Skreen |
| 538 Thought | 1 Lat. Whip | 650 Wig |
| 588 T Totum | 1735 Whalebone | 681 Warming Pan |
| 628 Time | 226 Wool | Y |
| 631 Tear | 255 Wind | 448 Youth |
| 635 Thimble | | |

Answers

*Answers to the ENIGMAS proposed in the LADIES DIARY
for 1787.*

1 Hope	5 Nightingale	9 Paper
2 Warming Pan	6 Nothing	10 Pillow
3 Sleep	7 Bell	11 May-Day
4 Saddle	8 Auctioneer	12 or Prize, Sunday.

1. *The Prize Enigma, Answered by Mr. THO. WOOLSTON,
Master of the Boarding-School at Adderbury, Oxfordshire.*

If first in arms Britannia's sons have shone,
Leading o'er spacious realms her conquering bands;
As great in deeds divine, her Howard's* known;
Whose charity extends thro' distant lands.

By Heaven inspir'd, there see the godlike man
Explore infectious dungeons shut from day;
Now eager to pursue his heavenly plan,
Where plague, wide-wasting, sweeps with dreadful sway.

Eager he flies (nor ever fearful shuns
Proud power nor pestilence) his love to shew;
And seeks pale mis'ry's most dejected sons,
The minister of heaven to soften woe.

And, next in charity, mild Raikes† succeeds;
Soft thro' his breast the tide of pity rolls:
For untaught youth, o'erwhelm'd in vice it bleeds,
And heaves a wish to rescue helpless souls.

And lo! what crowds the sacred courts attend,
By Sunday schools reclaim'd from sin and shame;
For these, shall thousands praise him as their friend,
And thro' eternity shall bless his name.

2. *The same Answered by Mr Philip Rusher.*

When doubts and fears assault the woe-worn breast,
And ill-succeeding ills no respite give,
The man of griefs, who needs the promis'd rest,
Exclaims with Job, "I would not always live,"

The soul with anxious expectation longs
To hail th' approach of that auspicious day,
When men and angels raise their joyful songs,
One never-ending Sabbath to display.

* The humane reformer of prisons and hospitals.

† The first founder of the Sunday schools at Gloucester.

Prize Enigma Answered.

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3. *An Acrostical Answer by Mr I Townsend.*

Supreme first cause, pure essence all divine,
United glories in thy person shine,
Nature harmonious rolls at thy command,
Days, months, and years are in thy sov'reign hand.
And future time thy glory shall attend
Years unrevolv'd, till Sabbaths have an end.

4. *The Same Answered by Clericus.*

To the Printers of Almanacks all thanks sure are due,
For without them the squire would not sleep in his pew ;
If G the dominical was not right placed,
The pulpit would seldom with pastor be graced :
But *Sunday's* a day to ten thousand * well known,
From ten thousand Almanack's stamp'd by the crown.

* The number of officiating clergymen in England.

5. *The Same Answered by Sylvia.*

All ranks of men unto thy courts repair,
To hear thy word, and close the hour in pray'r ;
May we, O Lord, with upright hearts attend,
So may we hope to make the Judge our friend,
And lasting Sabbath spend in realms above,
Where all is peace and harmony and love.

6. *Mr Francis Smith thus Answers the Same.*

" Blow tempests rude, and beat the pealing rain,"
Thy verse, O Sphynx, for ever shall remain !
And after ages shall by thee be taught
The force of learning in a Sunday thought.

7. *The same is thus paraphrastically answered by Miss Sally Browne, Sister to our ingenious Correspondent, Miss Diana Browne, lately married, to whom Lady D. wishes all Joy and Happiness.*

" From dark idolatry my name begun ;"
This day the Pagans worshipped the sun.
" My elder brother is a Jew we're told ;"
That was the Jewish Sabbath fix'd of old.
" For if I rise, my brother must decline ;"
Most surely so, by christian rites divine.

" Who hope in me their sorrows to beguile,"
 " Mourn in my frown, and triumph in my smile :"
 Most true indeed ; for see the beaux and belles
 Morning their Dog-and-Duck, and Bagnigge Wells.
 " I respite malefactors from their doom,"
 " And give the debtor liberty to roam."
 True ;—this day, no culprit makes the gallows groan,
 And the poor debtor stalks abroad from home.
 " Me the wild stripling loves ;"—too oft the case,
 His bat and ball supplies his bible's place.
 " I often stand,
 " Array'd in red, the captain of a band."
 Observe the calendar, you'll there behold
 Fifty-two captains trimm'd in scarlet bold :
 Her ladyship this year is pleas'd to see
 Her Lord's own day, distinguished by a G.
 Thus have I solv'd the prize by ev'ry clue,
 And hope next year 'twill be approv'd by you.

8. *The same by Mr Geo Roope, at Tring Academy.*

My lovely Delia long I woo'd,
 Within yon sacred grove ;
 She fled these arms, I still pursu'd,
 Still breath'd my tender love.
 Till in the chase, Oh, happy hour !
 I caught her as she flew ;
 My life I cry'd, Oh, fly no more ;
 She softly sigh'd, Ah-no.
 My charmer lov'd, no more was shy,
 Nor lov'd she to deceive ;
 For Sunday gave the nuptial tie :
 Oh, think what bliss it gave.

9. *The same answered by Mr R Bullock, of Wimbleton.*

In times of dark idolatry
 Each day did from some deity
 Its proper title claim ;
 And that when they ador'd the sun,
 Was Sun's day call'd, and is that one
 Which now we Sunday name.

Various other separate and ingenious answers were given by Messrs.
Rob Allanson, Wm Anderson, T B, J Bayley, Mrs Eliz Beavly, Miss
Margaret Blewers, Wm Bowyer, S Brockopp, Miss Eliza Bruser,

Wm
 Jos C
 Fiddi
 Thos
 Miss
 Long
 larby
 W m
 Alex
 Sawit
 R Wa

I.

Wm Buck, John Burrow, J C, John Cairns, Wm Clanr, Tho Cock,
Jof C. wing, John Culyer, H D, H J Davies, G. Dixon, Rd Dowell,
Fidilio, Peter Fidler, John Fildes, M Fleck, A G, J G, Wm Gales,
Thos Gill, J Goole, W H Hall, Miss Polly Harrison, Rob Hendy, junior,
Miss Betty Hunt, J Hunt, John Jackson, J Kimbell, M L, Henry Lee,
Long Ace, John Lowry, T M, Dr Malfalgerate, Marcus, Henry Mel-
lanby, Mendick, Jo Nendick, Miss G Newoc, Tho Osborne, S Oxley,
Wm Patrick, Tho Peate, Rd Pidpley, Mrs Eleanor Quelch, Wm Roscoe,
Alex Rowe, John Russer, John Stafford, Geo Stevenson, Jof Swift, Wm
Swint, J T. Tensil, Vicarus, John Unwin, T W Leicester, J Walton,
R Watkins, Tho Willan, John Williams, and many others.

1. *All the Enigmas answered by Trim ; as a despairing
Lover.*

What a terrible hardship is mine !
O listen, good folks to my ditty :
I'm sure I have cause to repine,
And I'm sure I have need of your pity.

O love is too grievous to bear,
For it has of my spirits bereft me ;
All my pleasure away it will tear,
And *nothing* of *hope* will be left me. 6, 1

Once as blythe as the lark on *May-day* ; 11
But how different now is my tone ;
Like a *nightingale* once I was gay ; 5
Like an owl now I mop all alone.

When my head on my *pillow* I lay, 10
Soft *sleep* will not come to my aid ; 3
For my thoughts both by night and by day
Are on Daphne, that hard-hearted maid.

Like the coals of a *warming-pan* hot, 2
This passion my brains has so addled ;
What to say or to do I know not,
With such sore distress I am *saddled*. 4

When on *Sundays* the merry *bells* rung, 12, 7
In town I the smartest was known ;
Then, cheerful, I laugh'd and I sung ;
Now mournful and meagre I'm grown.

Once how healthy and rosy was I ;
Now the colour of whity-brown *paper* : 9
I do nothing but murmur and sigh,
And am waiting as fast as a tap-r.

My senses are wandering far,
 How soon they'll be gone there's no knowing;
 And my life like an *auetioneer's* ware, 8
 Is agoing,—agoing,—agoing.

2. *Philadelphia's Invitation to Miss Musgrave of Leeds.*

The vernal season greets the sight;
 Oh why then this delay!
 My lovely friend, no longer write, 9
 But come, ah, come away.

When matin bells with cheerful sound, 7
 The welcome day proclaim,
 Your pillow quit with lively bound, 10
 No longer sleep maintain. 3

Then plac'd on saddle hither hie;
 May nothing you retard; 4
 Since, warm'd by friendships sacred tie, 6
 Assur'd of my regard.

What time the twilight's beauteous train 11
 Calls forth a numerous host,
 That hope, which doth ere while sustain, 1
 In full fruition's lost.

Together let us range the field,
 And "cull the new-born flowers;"
 Each light fantastic jest shall yield
 To sentiments like ours.

A sacred rich repast to taste,
 On Sunday we'll repair 12
 Where Clericus woos us to be blest
 By orthodoxy clear.

Whilst toyshop, and the *auetioneer*,
 Or dissipation's wheel
 Attract the gay, let us give ear
 To the sweet nightingale.

3. *The same answered by Mr Wm Evans.*

One eve in May as by a stream I stray'd, 11
 Where all the sounds and sweets of spring combin'd;
 The sportive kids around me jocund play'd,
 And stole each care and folly from the mind.

With musing contemplative step I walk'd,
 While nature's every beauty rose to view;
 With every flow'r, with ev'ry shrub I talk'd,
 And ask'd for why it bloom'd, for whom it grew.

Enigmas answered.

15

When lo ! a solemn *sound* assails my ear, 8
A funeral peal from the next village *vell*: 7
To human pride, ah ! what a lesson's here,
Some tallow mortal bids the world farewell.

Perhaps some youth with health and wealth elate,
Those springs of *warming hope* that cheer the mind; 2, 1
Saddled in search of joy he yields to fate, 4
And leaves the gilded lures of life behind.

Perhaps some wretch, to fell despair a prey,
Whose *sleepless pillow* drank the *nightly* tear; 3, 10, 5
Some beau or beggar joins his kindred clay,
Some loving child, or wife or husband dear.

Thus man, the brittle being of an hour,
As *paper-flames* his transient joys are gone; 9
In full pursuit of riches, fame or power,
The meagre tyrant marks him for his own.

Let's then, since earth holds *nothing* worth our care, 6
Each *day*, each hour, each moment make our own, 12
And for that awful period prepare,
We leave this clay, and fly to worlds unknown.

4. A Hymn to Hope; by Mr J Bumsted, junior, of Colchester.

From blooming graces, loves, and laughing hours,
Elizian haunts, and Amaranthine bow'rs,
Where heavenly joys in sweet succession fall,
Thee, nymph celestial, beauteous *Hope* I call. 1
Hither, gay queen, and bring the witching belle 11
Aurora, blushing from her *May-morn* cell. 11
In *Wilton* hues, and *Iris* blooms bedrest,
With vernal treasures fum'd thy snowy breast;
While flutt'ring zephyrs fan with od'rous wing,
And flow'rs beneath, and sweets around thee spring.
Flown his *warm'd pillow*, *sleep* shall bound to meet, 2, 10, 3
Kiss the fresh print, and *page* thy lovely feet. 9
Ah, smooth as *Woolston's* could my numbers run,
Charming and sweet as either *Richardson*,
Like *Pearson* moving if my *music* tell, 7
Smooth as the cuckoo, sweet as *Philomel*, 5
Til *holy ground* my slumb'ring dust infold,
Shouldst thou with me perpetual *Sabbath* hold: 12
Then scenes immortal we'd exulting gain,
Where, *nought* deploring, mutual lovers reign. 6
Saddled with grief, capricious *fortune's sale*, 4, 8
Slave of stern skies, and ver'd with every gale,
Be life or calm, or tost in tempests roll,
Kind anchor thou, and *magnet* of my soul.

5. *On Retirement ; by Mr Wm Boyer, of Leyland, near Preston.*

Happy the man, whose rural country seat
Affords a pleasing and a calm retreat :
There peaceful rests beneath his shady bow'rs,
And views, with rapture, all his fragrant flow'rs.
No *sadd'ning* cares disturb his *hopeful* breast, 4, 1
Nor bawling *salesmen* do his joys molest. 8

In morns of spring he walks his flow'ry park,
Cheer'd by the matins of the rising lark,
That tow'r on high above the chequer'd lawn,
And welcome with sweet notes the *morning dawn*. 11
When *Sunday bells* have call'd him forth to pray'r, 12, 7
With fervent mind adores his Maker there.

And when the sun descends the western vale,
And *nothing's* heard but tuneful *Philomel*, 6, 5
With joys refin'd he rests beneath his cell,
That, tho' *unpaper'd*, yet contents him well. 9
He then retires unto his *warmed* bed, 2
And on his *pillow* peaceful rests his head : 10

His pray'rs ended, he with mind serene,
Welcomes sweet *sleep* to close the happy scene. 3
Thus lives he calm, beneath his silent home,
More blest than kings, or in the gilded dome ;
Peace and contentment fill his humble cot,
And health and virtue crown his happy lot.

6. *A hunting Scene ; by Mr Robert Mac Waillif.*

Ye sons of Acteon awake from your *sleep*, 3
See Aurora with red gilds the morn ; 11
Hark, the *bell* loudly calls you with clangor so deep, 7
And the huntsman doth wind the shrill horn.

A while leave your *pillows*, and breathe the fresh air ; 10
Quick *saddle* your steed for the chace ; 4
Already the hounds are full cry at the hare,
And Ringwood is first in the race.

Tho' *warmly* pursu'd, on her legs she relies, 2
And *hopes* to save life by their aid ; 1
But Rover proclaims it aloud by his cries,
She's surrender'd herself, and is dead.

And now, my brave boys, let us homeward repair,
With *nothing* but joy pass the night ; 6
Where in full flowing bowls we drown all our care,
While the charms of the glass can delight.

Thus with hunting poor puffs let us spend each glad day,
 Until *Sunday* arrives, when we'll rest ; 12
 Nor once dread the gazette, or bailiff's stern sway, 9,8
 While with rural diversion we're blest.

7. *An Ode to May ; by Mr John Burrow, of Bolton Field.*

Hail blooming May, whose genial power,
 Calls to new life each fragrant flower,
 In richest dyes array'd :
 Whose balmy breath revives each scene,
 The shady grove, the daisy'd green,
 In verdant beauty clad.

At thy approach the feather'd train
 Renew their long-neglected strain,
 Sweet music floats around :
 Like *auctioneer* his note to cry, 3
 Sweet *Philomela* mounted high, 5
 Her sweetest notes to sound.

At the approach of op'ning day,
 Our *pillows* leave, *sleep* flies away, 10, 3
 In *hopes* their songs to hear ; 1
Nothing can give us more delight, 6
 When birds with sound of *bells* unite, 7
 Together strike the ear.

The ladies now their linen clear,
 Till white as *paper* it appear, 9
 Or as the driving snow ;
 Which on *May-day*, or *Sunday* wear, 11, 12
 When they like goddesses appear,
 When to the church they go.

The *warming-pan* and *saddle* lie, 2,4
 Or careless hang neglected by,
 The time we thee embrace :
 Thou giv'st each heart with joy to glow,
 Our blood in brisker streams to flow,
 Health smiles in every face.

8. *Mr Thomas Eland's Answer.*

Come, smiling *Hope*, my pensive bosom chear ; 1
 Hence *saddles*, *pans*, and bawling *auctioneer* : 4, 2, 8
 And thou, sweet *sleep*, kind soother of each care, 3
 In thy embrace my downy *pillow* share. 10
 Sweet *Philomel*, sad tenant of the bower, 5
 The curfew *bell* proclaims thy lonely hour : 7

Nothing that's human can thy *history* hear, 6, 9
 But must afford the sympathetic tear.
 Ye *May-day* nymphs, avoid the worthless swain, 11
 Whole *Sunday's* spent in sporting on the plain: 12
 For he who robs his God of honour due,
 Will strive to rob you of your virtue too.

9. *C Luther's Answer to the Enigmas, Rebuses, and Charades.*

When *May-day* and *Sunday* together did meet, 11, 12
 Rous'd by bells from her pillow, and slumbers so sweet, 7, 10, 3
Jane Richardson, brightest of all the fair throng,
 Twixt *Woolston* and *Richardson* tript it along:
 As they cross'd the churchyard, like a rainbow all gay,
 They met lovely *Pearson* in bridal array;
 For that day she the hopes of young *Nightingale* crown'd, 1, 5
 Who as needle to *loadstone* had constant been found.
 The youth was the son of a fam'd auctioneer, 8
 And sometimes himself did in pulpit appear;
 But still better skill'd in the arts of the chase,
 In the saddle he shone with superior grace. 4
 A house ready furnish'd he long had prepar'd,
 Where *nothing* for splendor or use had been spar'd; 6
 Rich carpets from Persia were spread on the ground,
 And paper from India hung all the walls round. 9
 While rang'd in the kitchen in order all bright,
 Kettles, sauce-pans, and warming-pan dazzle the sight. 2

10. *A Pastoral; by Mr Wm Gales, of Andover.*

On *Sunday* ev'ning with my love 12
 I took a walk to yonder grove,
 To view the beauties of the spring, 11
 And hear sweet *Philomela* sing. 5
 While all around harmonious rung, 7
 With notes from ev'ry warbler's tongue;
Nothing but heav'n itself could be 6
 More pleasing than this was to me:
 For ev'ry care seem'd lull'd to sleep, 10, 3
 But that which all true lover's keep,
 This tender passion of the breast,
 I fondly to her there express'd.
 But ah! how soon my joy was turn'd
 To grief, and I her absence mourn'd;
 Her friends suspecting what was meant,
 To distance far her quickly sent,

And well assured her, if she
A correspondence held with me,
She would their sore displeasure gain.
And thus they shew'd me their disdain;
Intending her for higher life,
To be the highest bidder's wife!
But lo! 'twas not an *auctioneer*
Was to dispose of love sincere.
She sent a written *paper* seal'd,
To me, which where she was, reveal'd.
Ere this, by *hope* almost forsook;
But now a *saddled horse* I took,
And soon beheld her face again,
Whose absence gave me so much pain:
And such returns of pleasure found,
As all my *war-mest* wishes crown'd.

3

9

1

4

2

11. *The Enigmas answered by Mr T Truswell, of Nuneaton.*

'Twas at that awful time, that silent hour,
When gloomy darkness reign'd o'er half the surface
Of this earthly globe: the *restless* sun
Had sunk beneath the western hemisphere
And bawling *Ned** had couch'd his weary limbs;
All, all was night, save where the glimm'ring moon
Diffus'd her lustre through the leafy shade,
Spreading a gloomy horror o'er the fields,
And fill'd the shades with a religious awe.
Beneath an aged oak, beside the stream,
That murmuring flows along the widening vale,
Matilda sat, bewailing her sad woes,
While soft'ning echo renovates her tale.
'Flow on, ye purling rills,' Matilda cries;
'Low on, ye herds that graze the flowery plains;
'Bleat on, ye flocks, whose tender lambkins dear
'Have lately felt the tort'ring blade of death:
'For, in the bloom of youth, my Edwin fell.
'Scarce had the vessel felt the rising gale,
'Or heav'd her massy anchors from the deep,
'But soon the affrighted mariner espies
'The dismal gloom; black heavy clouds appear,
'Huge billows roll, the buoyant vessel skims
'Before the dashing waves; from shore to shore,
'From rock to rock she drives, till wreck'd in fragments
'To the bottom sinks.—Ah! wretched youth,
'He yields his soul amid the briny deep,
'And falls a prey to the voracious shark.

4

3

* Edward Lees, a noted Auctioneer in Nuneaton.

‘ Sleep on ye feather’d songsters of the grove ;	3
‘ And you, ye shepherd swains, now take your rest,	
‘ Upon your downy <i>pillows</i> lay your heads,	10
‘ And dream of bliss serene.—Unhappy me !	
‘ No tongue can half express the pain I feel ;	
‘ Woes after woes o’erwhelm my tortur’d breast !	
‘ Forget my heart to beat, and stop the <i>spring</i>	11
‘ Of life ; let mournful <i>Philomela</i> tell	5
‘ In future times how died Matilda near	
‘ The banks of Dee, late on a <i>Sunday’s</i> eve,	12
‘ And <i>nothing</i> fear’d to share her Edwin’s fate.’	6
Thus spoke the fair, and plung’d beneath the tide,	
In <i>hopes</i> to share a part of Edwin’s lot,	1
Whilst solemn <i>bell</i> declares the doleful news.	7

N. B. The 2d a *warming-pan*, and the 9th is *paper*.

12. *The same answered by Mr Henry Lee, of Bingham.*

Saddles to mules compar’d have been,	4
‘ Cause plac’d a horse and ass between ;	
And some will have a fribble <i>no man</i>	6
But something man between and woman.	
Abroad Sir Fopling chanc’d to stray,	} 11
I think ’twas in the month of <i>May</i>	
The <i>sun</i> forbore to shine that <i>day</i> :	12
Or else abroad he had not gone,	
But stay’d to play with pug at home ;	
(Vile, naughty sun ! enough to vex one ;	
Thou foe to delicate complexion !)	
Or ’mus’d himself all day within doors,	
Before a glass plac’d ’twixt two windows,	
More earnestly in this he’d lock,	
And thrice as oft as in a <i>book</i> ;	5
Except ’twere such as treat of <i>fishes</i> ,	
Sword-knots, puffs, pomatums, patches.	
Within a grove, unseen, unheard,	
Except by <i>Echo</i> , who each word	Or <i>Philom.</i> 5
Receiv’d with pleasure, and for sport,	
Return’d again with shrewd retort ;	
As on a fish-pond’s brink he stood,	
Viewing his image in the flood,	
Tho’ long he look’d, the silly elf	
Pretended not to know himself,	
He loud exclaim’d,—that heav’nly shape,	
To whom can it belong ?—“ An ape.”	
Those limbs are not robust and bulky,	
But slim, and taper.— <i>Echo</i> , “ monkey !”	

Enigmas answered.

21

Sure 'tis one of the Naiades,
Or else the goddess of the shades !
O, form divine ! might I but *hope* E
Thy embrace to share.—Quoth *echo*, “ rope.” 7
All other *belles* might wear the willow ;
Thou best would suit these arms.—“ A *pillow*.” 10
But now a fish that lurk'd hard by,
Sprung up aloft, to catch a fly ;
The ruffled eddies towards him flowing,
Obscure the shade,—'tis going, going ! 8
A lesson to the foppish race,
It shews how wrinkles spoil a face.
But far averse to thoughts like these,
His own dear form too much did please,
He plac'd his hand upon his breast,
Where hearts, if fops have any, *rest*, 3
Puff'd up with vanity and pride,
And full of self-importance, cry'd,
Who can resist thee ? charming man !
Quoth *echo*,—“ beauty's *warming-pan*.” 2

13. On Happiness ; by Mr John Cullyer, Assistant at Mr M·Kain's School, Bungay, Suffolk.

What is that state which we call happiness ?
That all men strive to gain, yet few possess ;
Yet most men have it in some small degree,
Tho' none in full perfection we may see.
Ask all mankind, the poor as well as great,
None will allow his happiness complete.
The maid exclaims, how wretched is my life !
And thinks it hard that she's not made a wife :
The wife cries out, how happy should I be,
Had I a coach and four, or vis-a-vis !
Suppose all these obtain'd, they'd *hope* for more, 1
And so remain as wretched as before.

The *auctioneer*, who various goods does sell, 8
As *saddles*, *warming-pans*, or sounding bell ; 4, 2, 7
Paper, and other things, I know not what, 9
Had never yet of happiness one lot.
Nothing but earthly things we buy for gold, 6
True happiness was never bought or sold.

But future happiness you yet may gain : 12
Keep strict the *Sabbath*, or your labour's vain ;
To all your dealings faithful be and true,
And use mankind as you'd have them use you ;
Keep reason's path, from that ne'er go astray,
And always let discretion guide your way ;

From *morn* to night make God your constant care, 11
 And let his praise *e-echo* thro' the air; Or *Philom.* 5
 Upon your *pillow*, ere you go to *sleep*, 10, 3
 Pray to the Lord of hosts your soul to keep:
 Remember he it was who gave you breath,
 The same can strike you instantly with death.
 Then trust in him who rules above the sky,
 And you'll be happy to eternity.

34. *Reflections on Worldly Happiness; by Mr Wm P
 Burman.*

Obedient to our great Creator's plan,
 From *owls* and insects vile, quite up to man, Or *Philom.* 5
 All, all, my friends are mould'ring dust and clay,
 And all to death at last must homage pay.
 What's then this world! a lump of crumbling earth,
 Whence men as well as brutes derive their birth;
 Where we thro' *hope* must grovel for a while, 1
 Destin'd to *sleepless* cares and daily toil. 3
 Here misers, in the midst of plenty, poor,
 Their gold *lock up*, and as their God adore. *Warm. p.* 2
 Here one repines that fortune proves severe,
 And on his *pillow* drops the secret tear; 10
 Others uneasy, tho' more in wealth and state,
 Would change their *saddle* for a wool-pack seat; 4
 And having gain'd it, sacrifice each hour
 To the devotion of some tyrant's power.
 Others there are who place their chief delight
 In *auctioneering* shews, or *May-day* fight; 8, 11
 Or like the beau, with rings and dangling cane,
 Himself admires, and doth all else disdain.
 Another wounded with a fair one's charms,
 Is only happy in his mistress' arms:
 Thus different prompted our frail vessels sail,
 Puff'd by each flatter'ing wind, or adverse gale.
 Tho' doom'd to ceaseless care and varied woe,
 Whilst we remain as pilgrims here below;
 Yet let us not, ye fair, our fate bemoan,
 But live resign'd.—Th' Almighty's will be done:
 For like a dream our years will pass away,
 And soon shall we put off these bonds of clay.
 Then while thro' scenes of life we quickly glide,
 Oh! let no *Sunday's* vice our minds misguide; 12
 But conscious of the prize fair virtue gives,
 As fairest *paper* spotless, be our lives: 9
 So when the doleful *knell* shall close our eyes, 7
 And angels wait to waft us to the skies;
 When, pleas'd to find all pain and anguish o'er,
 Enraptur'd friends shall meet, and *nothing* part'em more. 6

Enigmas answered.

23

15. *The same answered by Mr W Gradidge, of Canterbury.*

A <i>warming-pan</i> , or sounding bell,	2, 7
A <i>saddle</i> and sweet <i>Philomel</i> ,	4, 5
I <i>hope</i> make four enigmas plain,	1
Or else I read your <i>book</i> in vain;	9
And <i>sleep</i> and <i>auctioneer</i> I'm sure,	3, 8
As clear as light unfolds two more;	
Then <i>nothing</i> else remains to say,	6
But <i>Sunday</i> , <i>pillow</i> , and <i>May-day</i> .	12, 10, 11

16. *The same by Mr J Hunt, of S Stratford.*

<i>Warm'd with hope</i> I apply	2, 1
To my dear Lady Die,	
With her I would willingly range:	
Should the prize be my lot,	
Long by fortune forgot,	
I'll rejoice at so happy a change.	
With the <i>nightingale's</i> strains	5
Which will flow from the plains,	
The <i>bells</i> of the village shall join;	7
For then all things are gay,	
At first <i>dawn</i> of the <i>May</i> ,	11
When mirth, love, and music combine.	
Then my <i>sleep</i> I'll forsake;	3
All such joys to partake,	
My <i>pillow</i> no longer shall please;	10
For I'll <i>saddle</i> my horse;	4
And direct my fond course	
To the scenes of contentment and ease.	
There no noise of a <i>sale</i> ,	8
On the plains shall prevail,	
Where <i>nothing</i> but harmony flows;	6
All the pleasures of life,	
Quite devoid of all strife,	
The true happy villager knows.	
The blest <i>Sabbath</i> he spends,	12
With his <i>books</i> as his friends,	9
That lead to the regions above;	
And when death calls away,	
He'll in peace then obey,	
And fly to the mansions of love.	

17. *An Acrostic Answer, by Mr. John Jackson, of Hutton-Rudby School.*

Hope, that sweet nurse of fond desires,	1
Every <i>warming</i> thought inspires:	2

No sleeping peasant, but by thee	3
Rides e'er on saddle horse so free.	4
Yon nightingale we now do hear,	5
Makes notes melodious to the ear:	6
E'en bells ring sweet.—But see yon crowd!	7
Lo! how the salesman bawls aloud;	8
Lawns, paper, other goods household,	9
And pillow cases to be sold.	10
No one give more this good May-day,	11
Buy now,—to-morrow we must pray,	12
You see the goods, pray bid away.	

18. *The same answered by Mr Philip Russer.*

Sweet warbling Philomel, thy plaintive song	5
Just suits the mournful temper of my mind;	
Still will I hope to hear thy tuneful tongue,	1
When pillow'd sleep has other eyes confin'd.	10, 3
Mine be the choice to rove the pastures round,	
At silent eve when May her sweets bestows,	11
To view the spangled arch with planets crown'd,	
And from the fragrant shrub to pluck the rose.	
Here would I stray, unsaddled with the cares	4
In which the busy bustling world would live,	
Mark how a gracious Maker's love appears,	
And to his Sabbath due observance give.	12
Let others, to beguile the lazy hour,	
Shine in the ring, at auctions, balls or plays,	7, 8
Or to obtain the smile of affluent power,	
To patron worth warm panegyrics raise.	2
There let the n shine, 'tis there their province lies;	
'Tis mine in some sequester'd vale to know	
The calm delights domestic life supplies,	
With nothing to disturb the grateful flow.	6
A book or social friend I'd sometimes choose,	9
Nor wholly banish the enliv'ning glass;	
They'd give relief to life's unpleasing views,	
And make my days in grateful blessing pass.	

Besides the foregoing, and the answers in the Diary, the following persons also gave ingenious answers to the Enigmas, viz. Messrs R b Allanson, Ezekiel Ambrose, W Anderson, T B. Rob Barwick, Mrs. Eliza Bau-
 son, J Bayley, E W Bexham, Miss Ruth Bridget, S Brockopp, John
 Brown, Miss Sally Browne, R Bullock, J Burr, Miss F C, John Cairns,
 Calophilus, Richard Denning, John Faray, Peter Fidler, John Fildes, M.
 Fleck, A G, Thomas Gall, J Goole, W H Hall, G Harris, Miss Polly
 Harrison, Rob Hendy, junr, Henry Hline, Homespun, Jonathan Hernby,
 J J, Wm King, John Lowry; Revd M M—e, J B Minus, Naturus,
 Old Man, Marcus, Henry Mellanby, Melpomene, Minor, Joseph Nendick,
 Miss G Newice, Thos Nield, Thos. Osborne, S. Oxbly, Hugh Parry, Thos

Peat,
 Joe S
 Wm S
 James

The

Peat, Rob Pickard, Geo Rcope, W. R. fce, Alex Rowe, Jas Scholefield,
 Joe Sberwin, J Singleton, Francis Smith, John Smith, Geo Stevenson,
 Wm Swift, Vicanus, Henry Vice, J Walton, Kit Went, John Williams,
 James Wood, and several others.

ANSWERS to the REBUSES and CHARADES.

- Rebuses.*
 1 Woolston,
 2 Jane Richardson,
 3 Pearson,
 4 Richardson,

- Charades.*
 1 Carpet,
 2 Rainbow,
 3 Church-yard,
 4 Loadstone.

The Rebuses and Charades answered by Vicanus.

Fair rose the morn, in brightest robes array'd,
 On pathless gales the streamers loosely play'd ;
 Near to her port the stately ship now drew,
 And glad some were the unsuspecting crew :
 Each in idea clasp'd his wife or lass,
 Forg't the *loadstone*, freely push'd the glass.——
 Soon fled their joys—they saw the tempest rise,
 Obscure the sun, nor *rainbow* gilds the skies.
 Sore rag'd the sea ; with one tremendous shock
 The vessel struck, and founder'd on the rock.
 Nor strength prevails, dexterity can't save ;
 All helpless sink into one hapless grave.
 With *church-yard* dust their corpses ne'er shall blend ;
 Nor can relations say, here lies my friend.
 You, *Woolston*, *Richardson*, and *Pearson*, who
 Have hearts so feeling, mourn this scene of woe ;
 And ye, soft fair, who *carpets* tread at ease,
 Drop a sad tear o'er mis'ries of the seas.

The Rebuses answered by Mr J Walton, of Allen Town.

Let *Woolston's* pen describe in lofty verse,
 Or *Richardson's* poetic strains rehearse,
 The worth, the virtues, of *Jane Richardson*,
 By thee, illustrious *Pearson* ! scarce outdone :
 My humbler muse shall no vain efforts try,
 To raise thy fame beyond the azure sky ;
 Since all attempts would here avail thee nought,
 Where the dull poet's either sold or bought :
 But virtue shall on golden pinions soar,
 Amidst confusions crash, and worlds no more.

The same by Mr W Gradige, of Canterbury.

When I'm dispos'd to choose a wife,
 Who's free from ev'ry jar and strife,
 To lady Di, I'll straight repair,
 And supplicate to view her fair :
 There I shall find abounding store,
 Miss *Richardson*, and twenty more ;

Miss *Pearson* too ! ah wou'd that dame
 With me consent to change her name !
 But what will *Woolston* say the while ?
 Will *Richardson* once deign a smile ?
 He may or not, as suits him best ;
 Say you'll be mine, dear maid, I'm blest.

*On the Death of a near Relation, by Mr Geo Beswick, of
 Coalshaw Green.*

My dear *Maria* dead ! farewell each joy
 This world can give, or cruel fate destroy !
 Her charms attractive to my heart did feel
 More than the *loadstone* to the polish'd steel !
 In thee all virtues shone, and every grace
 That claims respect among the human race :
 Neat, without pomp ; nor *carpet* deck'd thy floor ;
 No painted walls, nor knocker at thy door.
 How vain is hope ! how short its measur'd stay !
 And like the *rainbow* vanishes away.
 Cropt in thy bloom, thou heavenly nymph art fled
 Hence, to be number'd with the sleeping dead.
 In yon *church-yard*, beneath the maple's shade,
 Thy dear remains within the earth are laid.

The Rebuses answered by Mr John Unwin, of Wirksworth.

How accurate are *Woolston's* lines,
 How musical they flow ;
 In *Richardson* what grace combines,
 His pleasing numbers show.
Jane Richardson's the lovely fair,
 A goddess in disguise ;
Pearson's renown'd for jetty hair,
 And virtue is her prize.

*The 4th Charade Acrostically answered by Mr G R of South
 Audley Street.*

Long time I've been plowing the ocean,
 Or sooner I'd waited on you ;
 All my breast was in a commotion,
 Debarred so long from my Sue.
 Secure of your faith and your favour,
 The whirlwinds shall below in vain ;
 ON shore I'm returned for ever ;
 Enough I have had of the main.

Many ingenious answers to the rebuses and charades were also given by
 Messrs Rob Allanson, J B, Minus, Rob Barwick, Mrs Eliz Bausor, J
 Bayley, E W Bloxham, Wm Boyer, Miss Sally Browne, R Bullock, J
 Bumsted, Wm P Burman, J Burr. John Burrow, Miss F C, J Cavill,
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ANSWERS TO THE QUERIES.

Query 1. Answered by Mr W Bearcroft, of Newton.

I am informed by my ingenious friend Mr R Burton, that the lead-eater is the gum of a certain tree in America, procured by making incisions in the bark; which gum being spread, at several times, over a kind of model of clay, is formed into a figure similar to the inclosed mould. After the gum is dry, the mould is broken to pieces, and so extracted. To make it black the natives smoak the gum as they spread it over the model. It seems the process may be seen at large in M. Fourcroy's elementary lectures on chymistry, just translated into English.

The same by Miss Polly Harrison, of Wirksworth, Derbyshire.

The elastic gum, or lead-eater, is made by the Indians in the following manner. They have a tin bottle, with figures or impressions on the inside, which will open round the middle, like a mould; in which is inclosed another made of clay, or other earth, quite solid, in such a manner as to admit of the gum, which comes from a tree called the Fungus, to run in between the two, and so take the form and impressions. When the gum is dry, the outer mould is taken off, and the clay broken and shaken out of the gum bottle.

Mr John Burrow, of Bolton Field, says that

He tried some of our common funguses, or puff-balls, which grow out of the earth like mushrooms, and found them to answer the same purpose as the elastic gum, in taking out of paper marks of lead, &c, though not quite so well as the Indian rubber, probably owing to their being too ripe gathered. Which may be a useful discovery.

Query 2. Answered by Mrs Eliz Bauson, of Edingley.

This by Servius, and others, is interpreted of a well in Syne, wholly illuminated at noon in the summer solstice. By some it is understood of the grave and monument of one Coelius, of no larger extent. And by Petrus Cyaconius, of a pit in Rome, called Mundus. When Romulus built the city of Rome, he sent for certain chosen men out of Etruria,

to compose laws, and settle religion; and a pit being digged in the ground near the comitium, and the first fruits of all their possessions cast into it, they at last each of them threw in a small piece of their native earth. This pit they called mundus; which name is likewise attributed to the heaven, in whose center they built the city.

The same by Mr Henry Holme, of Sliagill.

This is that difficult enigma with which Virgil has puzzled all his commentators. I take the exposition of Servius to be the most probable: he refers Coeli in the original to one Coelius of Mantua, who having spent the best part of his patrimony, reserved as much as would purchase a sepulchre of three ells. Others take the word in its common acceptation, and think themselves very arch in unravelling the knot, by getting to the bottom of a pit or well; and then asking if the *spatia coelia*, which from thence is visible, does much exceed three ells.

The same by Mr John Culyer, Assistant at Mr M'Kain's School, Bungay, Suffolk.

This query has been proposed and answered before (see the Ladies Diary for 1756, 1757 and 1758), probably without the present proposer's knowledge. With respect to the answer, I am inclined to think that the poet's idea of our system was, that the earth and sky met at a certain distance; and that he proposed this query, to know in what part of the earth a man must be placed, to be within three ells of the sky.

Query 3. Answered by Mr Rd Waugh, of Bushblades.

As the burning of a culinary fire depends on the same principle as animal heat, viz. on the evolution of phlogiston, and as in the sunshine the air is replete with phlogiston, and therefore cannot admit of that arising from the fuel during its combustion; consequently the vigour of the fire, which is always proportionate to the discharge of such phlogiston from the fire, must decrease as the sun's beams are more copiously thrown upon it, or the atmosphere more saturated with it.

Mr Alex Rowe, of Reginnis, says

The great heat of the sun shining rarefies the air to such a degree, that it cannot keep up our fires with the power or force necessary for their operation; and so, for want of a dense or strong air, they in many cases are extinguished. As to the nature of the solar and culinary fire, they seem to be the same, since they produce like effects, allowing for their different power or strength of action.

And Mr J Hunt, of Stony Stratford, says

The opinion of philosophers is, that the sun cannot put out a farthing candle, much less the fire. However, the sun, by rarefying the air about the fire, prevents it from being furnished with the usual supply of air up the chimney, which may contribute to deaden its fervour.

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Query 4. *Answered by Mr John Dalton, of Kendal.*

By which of the ancients the ring was first invented and worn, seems doubtful. The first among whom we find the ring in use are the Hebrews, Genes. 38; where Judah, Jacob's son, gives Thamar his ring or signet, as a pledge of his promise. But the ring appears to have been in use at the same time among the Egyptians, from Gen. 41, where Pharaoh puts his ring on Joseph's hand, as a mark of the power he gave him.—It appears likewise from several places in scripture, that the ancient Chaldeans, Babylonians, &c, had the use of the ring. Aulus Gellius informs us, (lib. 10.) that the Greeks wore the ring always on the fourth finger of the left-hand; and the reason he gives for it is, that having found from anatomy that this finger had a little nerve which went straight to the heart, they esteemed it the most honourable by reason of this communication with that noble part. More may be seen on this head in Chambers's Cyclopaedia.

Mr John Jackson, says,

Rings formerly had signets, with which the ancients used to seal their vows, deeds, or covenants, &c; and they were therefore given as tokens or pledges to seal their vows of marriage. And the reason for putting it on the fourth finger, &c, as above.

And Mr G Lodge, says

Some carry the origin of that custom as far back as the Hebrews, on the authority of a text in Exodus xxxv. 32. Leo of Modena, however, maintains that the ancient Hebrews did not use any nuptial ring. Selden, in his *Uxor Ebraica*, lib. 2 c. 14, says that they gave a ring in the marriage, but that it was only in lieu of a piece of money of the same value, which it had been usual to give before. The Greeks and Romans did the same, and from them the Christians took it up very early, as appears from Tertullian, and in some ancient liturgies, where we find the form of blessing the nuptial ring. The Greeks wore them altogether on the fourth finger of the left hand, &c, as above.

The same by Mr W H Hall, Barrister at Law.

Emblematical of the truth and sincerity that should exist in the connubial state. The Assyrians were the first people who used it. The Jews were their followers—it proceeds from a notion that a blood-vessel leads from the ring or fourth finger to the heart, the seat of life, affection, and love.

Other ingenious Answers to the Queries were given by Messrs Amator, Rob Barwick, J Bayley, G. o Beswick, Wm Boyer, John Cairns, John Cecil, Tho Cock, J Farey, Peter Fidler, J Lowry, Henry Mellanby, Thos. Peat, J Singleton, J Waton, and B. Worship.

Any poetical Letters that are intended exclusively for the Supplement, may be sent before the last of May, directed to D. A. at Mr. Davis's, Printer, No 91, Chancery-lane, London: to be Post paid, or they will not be received.

NEW ENIGMAS.

XI. Enigma 707, by *Mr Tho Woolston, of Adderbury.*

Let others chill the mind with dread alarms,
 Of horrid war and direful clashing arms,
 Of savage monsters haunting gloomy glades,
 Of spectres gliding thro' night's dreary shades:
 Nothing terrific here salutes your sight;
 A sprightly elfin, rob'd in purest white,
 Now craves admission. Ladies pray attend,
 In mystic guise behold a well-known friend.
 A friend! nay, ladies start not, I am known
 A useful friend to all, from Britain's throne,
 Down to the hut on yonder lonely plain,
 Where pallid want and languid sickness reign.
 The learned arts, nay taxes too, and trade,
 Owe great improvement to my useful aid.
 And few there are deny this meed of praise,
 I make atonement for their ill-spent days.
 But some who fear their deeds should be reveal'd
 Make it their care to keep me close conceal'd.
 My nature's such, alone I seldom roam,
 Nor ever wish to quit my native home;
 Yet when night's sable banner all unfurl'd,
 Involves in pitchy darkness half the world,
 Dauntless to guard the traveller I go,
 Nor fear the unknown floods or drifted snow;]
 And such my power, the hero feels a dread,
 If e'er he dares to seize me by the head,
 Lest for his busy rashness, in my ire,
 I doom him to repent by scorching fire.
 Methinks I've said enough to tell my name,
 And gain the tribute of Diarian fame;
 But one word more, for those who still may doubt,
 And wish some plainer hint to find me out;
 Thro' all the village let them look around.
 Perhaps they'll find me prisoner in the pound.

XII. Or Prize Enigma, by *Mr. Rob Richardson, Frosterly.*

(Whoever answers it before Candlemas-day has a chance for eight Diaries, with the Supplement, and another for eight also.)

Rise, tow'ring muse, on eagle's wings sublime,
 Beyond the utmost bounds of space and time;
 Thro' earth and heav'n direct thy daring flight,
 And pierce the confines of eternal night:
 Bid ravish'd mortals own my boundless sway,
 Proclaim my power, and hail my genial ray.
 Say, first, thro' all creation's trackless space,
 What piercing eye my limits dares to trace?

Where other suns enlighten other skies,
And countless systems in gradation rise,
My empire, boundless, unconfin'd, extends
To nature's verge—to time's remotest ends.—
Description fails.—

Then, (to this speck of earth alone, confin'd)
Say, how I lord it o'er the human mind;
Yet, not a tyrant, but a welcome guest;
Joy to each heart, and balm to ev'ry breast;
Save where sad melancholy, grief, or guilt,
For friend or lover lost, or life-blood spilt,
Dejects the soul; I then increase each woe,
Bring black despair, and tenfold pangs bestow.
The philosophic sage, with piercing eye;
The love-lorn youth who "heaves the heart-felt sigh;"
The fawning statesman at the levee hour;
And the rapt poet in Arcadian bower;
The miser, o'er his hoard, the midnight thief;
Mourn in my chains, or feel my kind relief.
In Bethlem's cells, by bars and bolts secur'd,
See the sad ruins of mankind immur'd!
Behold me there, my utmost powers employ,
Or doubling woes, or height'ning every joy.
When you, ye fair your downy "pillows press,"
And balmy sleep exerts her power to bless;
Attendant, oft I touch each tender breast,
Urge the deep sigh, or make you doubly blest.

NEW CHARADES.

I. Charade 8, by *Ecclesiæ*.

When Strephon bids his dear-lov'd maid adieu,
My first presents a melancholy view;
My second is a load no man can bear;
My whole, right join'd, will name a virtuous fair.

II. Charade 9, by *Mr Wm Jones, of Heyford*.

Hail lovely first! in youthful charms array'd,
Beheld with envy by each rival maid;
Go prove the sweets thy state can only know,
The fount, the source of ev'ry joy below.
My next with yawning mouth expos'd to view,
How fatal prov'd to youth and beauty too;
Yet highly priz'd in patriarchal days;
Its copious stores still merit highest praise.
My whole oft checks the strumpet's lew'd career,
And erring youth has mourn'd its follies here.

III. Charade 10, by Mr G Lodge of Linton.

My first a seat of bliss that fav'rites share,
 My next as centinel, doth hardships bear,
 My whole's oft-times a fav'rite of the fair.

IV. Charade 11, by Mr J T, to Miss Judith.

Accompanied with a present from Strephon.

When I beheld my Judith's charming face,
 With joy my first the tend'rest passion feels;
 And till my second's ty'd, it will increase,
 For gently on my throbbing heart it steals.
 Fairest of maids, propitious to my pray'r,
 May I entreat thee to accept my whole;
 A token from the swain who loves thee dear,
 For Strephon loves thee as he loves his soul.

V. Charade 12, by Antonia.

My first is bright, and fixt above,
 My second grows on earth,
 My whole chants sweetly in the grove,
 And gives my charade birth.

VI. Charade 13, by Miss Sally Browne, of Honiton.

My first, if naturally trac'd,
 Is parent to my second always plac'd.
 My second's seen three hundred times a year,
 And blesses mortals with reviving hear.
 My whole's the offspring of my other two,
 And lately puzzl'd the discerning few.

As the Editor of the Ladies Diary has undertaken this Supplement, at his own sole Risk and Expence, for the Improvement of the Diary, and to oblige the more of his learned and increasing Contributors, by thus preserving a Number of their ingenious Compositions from being lost, for want of Room to comprise them all in the narrow Limits of the Diary; he hopes all Friends of that useful and amusing little Work will extend the Knowledge and Sale of this Supplement as much as they can amongst their acquaintance.

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